

ACTION

PICTURE
LIBRARY

No.1 One Shilling



**No.1
OF A NEW
ALL-ACTION SERIES**
TWO OIL TEAMS
FIND EERIE ADVENTURE
IN THE HIGH
HIMALAYAS!

WILDCAT

MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the heat of battle

SERGEANT THOMAS DERRICK was in charge of a platoon in a company ordered to outflank a Japanese position in New Guinea. Situated on a cliff-face, the enemy position was proving almost impossible to dislodge and during the day several abortive attempts were made. By nightfall, it became apparent that it would be impossible to reach the objective and the company were ordered to retire. Sergeant Derrick asked



that he might make one more attempt, this time alone. Attacking under cover of darkness he came within striking distance of the first enemy post which he destroyed with grenades. Then, dashing ahead of his section, he stormed through the enemy smashing ten more positions. For his outstanding courage, Sergeant Derrick was awarded the Victoria Cross.

WILDCAT



IN THEIR SEARCH FOR OIL ON ONE OF THE WORLD'S WILDEST FRONTIERS, TWO FREELANCE SURVEY TEAMS, ONE BRITISH AND ONE AMERICAN, FOUND THEMSELVES FIGHTING THE SUPERNATURAL... AND EACH OTHER...

THE LEADER OF THE WELL-EQUIPPED AMERICAN TEAM WAS A LEATHER-SKINNED TEXAN NAMED RICKENBACKER, A MINING ENGINEER BY PROFESSION AND A TROUBLE-SHOOTER BY NATURE.



RIG RICKENBACKER PLAYED WITH DYNAMITE THE WAY OTHER, MORE LAW-ABIDING MEN, PLAY WITH THEIR SPECTACLES OR A BALLPOINT PEN.



THE HELICOPTER SWOOPED DOWN TOWARDS THE MARKET-PLACE OF PAKANDU, A HILL TOWN NEAR THE BORDER BETWEEN NEPAL AND TIBET.



THE BRITISH SURVEY TEAM, FOUR MEN AND A COUPLE OF BEAT-UP LAND ROVERS, WAS LED BY AN EX-ARMY OFFICER NAMED PATRICK TEMPLE.



MAJOR TEMPLE WAS A STIFF-BACKED PRODUCT OF SANDHURST AND THE REGIMENTAL SYSTEM, TURNED MINING ENGINEER WHEN HE WAS BOWLER-HATTED BY THE WAR OFFICE AFTER THE KOREAN CAMPAIGN.

THE DEVIL! IF THOSE AMERICAN ROUGHNECKS CROWD US LIKE THIS, NEPAL'S GOING TO BE TOO SMALL TO HOLD THE BOTH OF US!

AH NO! YOU NOT GO TO THIS VALLEY, MISTER! IS BAD PLACE!

THE SHERPA GUIDE BACKED AWAY...

SHERPAS HAVE NAME FOR THIS PLACE... MEANS VALLEY OF THE BEAST WHICH WALKS BY NIGHT.

NONSENSE, CHARLIE! YOUR LOCAL MUMBO-JUMBO IS NOT GOING TO STOP US LOOKING FOR OIL THERE...

THE MAJOR YELLED TO HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND, TED MITCHELL...

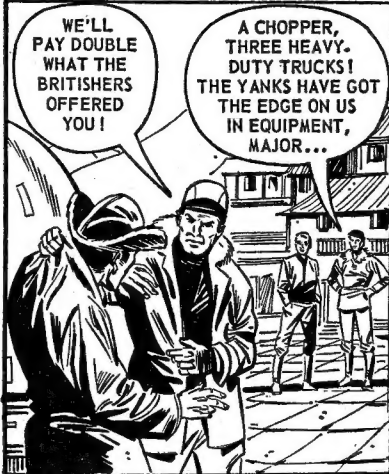
YOU LOOK FOR OIL, MISTER... MEET BEAST. BUT I NOT GUIDE YOU.

AFTER HIM, MITCH! HE'S THE ONLY MAN IN PAKANDU WHO CAN SHOW US THE SHORT-CUT...

BUT THE AMERICAN TEAM'S HELICOPTER AND TRUCKS HAD ALREADY RENDEZVOUSED AT THE FAR END OF THE VILLAGE, AND RIG RICKENBACKER WAS WASTING NO TIME.



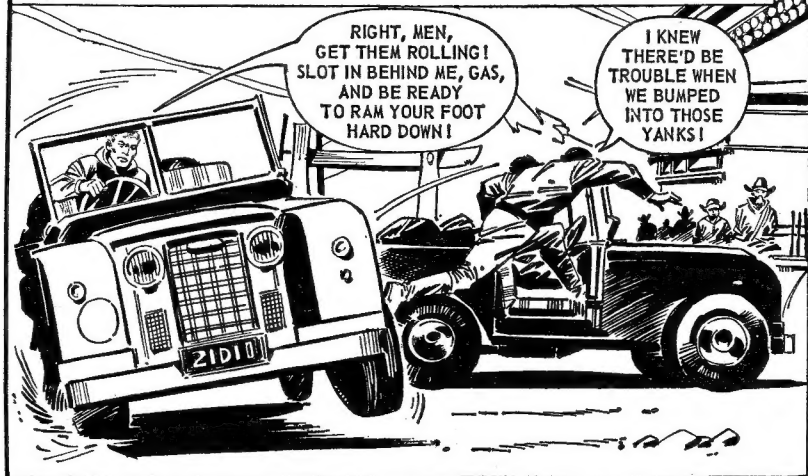
THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME THE TWO OIL SURVEY TEAMS HAD RUN INTO EACH OTHER...



MITCH HAD SEEN THAT GUN-METAL GLINT IN MAJOR TEMPLE'S EYE BEFORE. IT MEANT TROUBLE FOR SOMEBODY...



THE TWO OTHER MEMBERS OF THE TEAM, GEOLOGIST G.A.S. SELLERS AND MECHANIC SLUG PARKER, HAD LEARNED BY HARD EXPERIENCE TO OBEY THEIR LEADER INSTANTLY...



AS THE TWO OLD LAND ROVERS ACCELERATED ACROSS THE CROWDED MARKET PLACE, MITCH RAN FORWARD AND GRABBED THE SHERPA GUIDE...



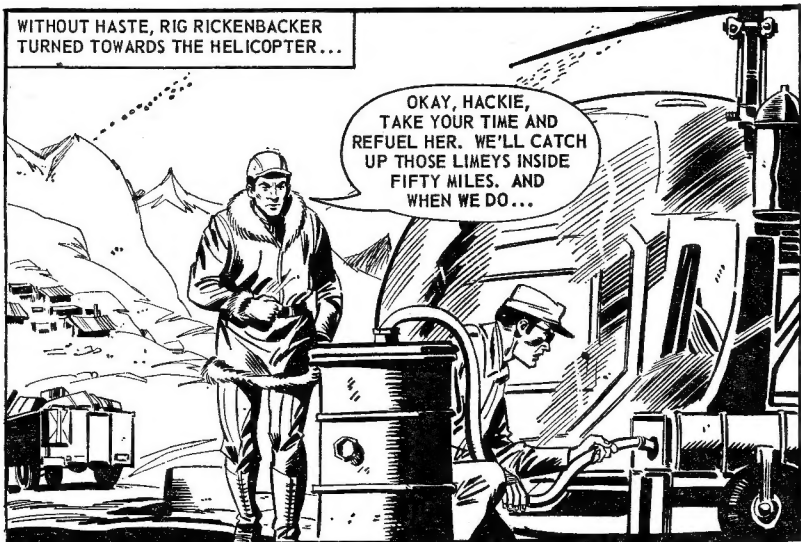
RIG RICKENBACKER'S JAW SET LIKE GRANITE AS MITCH BUNDLED THE SHERPA TOWARDS THE ONCOMING TRUCK...



MAJOR TEMPLE HAD BEEN A SOLDIER, NOT A DIPLOMAT. AS FAR AS HIS AMERICAN OPPOSITE-NUMBER WAS CONCERNED, HE HAD JUST DECLARED WAR...

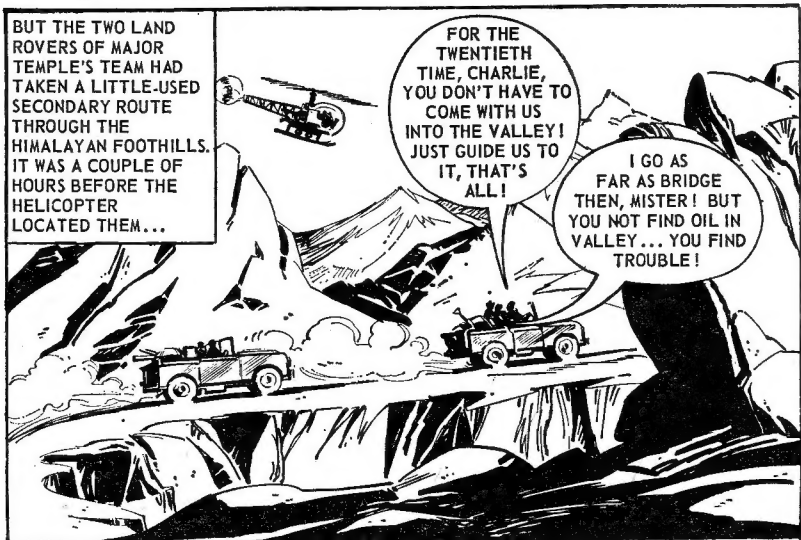


WITHOUT HASTE, RIG RICKENBACKER
TURNED TOWARDS THE HELICOPTER...



OKAY, HACKIE,
TAKE YOUR TIME AND
REFUEL HER. WE'LL CATCH
UP THOSE LIMEYS INSIDE
FIFTY MILES. AND
WHEN WE DO...

BUT THE TWO LAND
ROVERS OF MAJOR
TEMPLE'S TEAM HAD
TAKEN A LITTLE-USED
SECONDARY ROUTE
THROUGH THE
HIMALAYAN FOOTHILLS.
IT WAS A COUPLE OF
HOURS BEFORE THE
HELICOPTER
LOCATED THEM...



FOR THE
TWENTIETH
TIME, CHARLIE,
YOU DON'T HAVE TO
COME WITH US
INTO THE VALLEY!
JUST GUIDE US TO
IT, THAT'S
ALL!

I GO AS
FAR AS BRIDGE
THEN, MISTER! BUT
YOU NOT FIND OIL IN
VALLEY... YOU FIND
TROUBLE!

THE HELICOPTER CIRCLED ITS QUARRY, COMING IN FROM ABEAM WHERE THE ROCK-CRAGS GAVE IT COVER UNTIL THE LAST MOMENT...



THE FOUR ENGLISHMEN DUCKED INSTINCTIVELY AS THE MACHINE SCRAPED WITH A FEW FEET TO SPARE OVER THE LAND ROVERS...



THE HELICOPTER MADE A COUPLE OF PASSES OVER THE BRITISH TRUCKS, AND THEN LIFTED ON THRASHING ROTORS AND WHIRLED AWAY.

THE CHOPPER'S
FLYING ON AHEAD,
MAJOR. WHAT GAME DO
YOU THINK THEY'RE
PLAYING?

THERE'S
NO POINT IN
GUESSING, MITCH!
BUT IF I KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT AMERICANS,
IT'LL ONLY BE
BLUFF!

TEN MILES FARTHER ON, THE MOUNTAIN TRACK EMERGED ON THE EDGE OF A DEEP GORGE, SPANNED BY A ROPE AND TRESTLE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

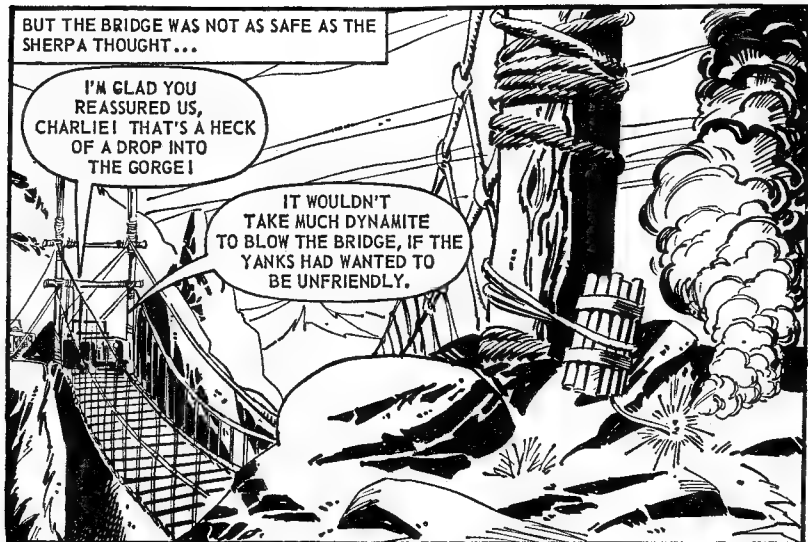
HMM, IT
LOOKS AS THOUGH
YOU WERE RIGHT,
MAJOR... THERE'S
NO SIGN OF THE
CHOPPER...

BRIDGE
IS PLENTY
SAFE, MISTER...
BUILT TO
TAKE BULLOCK
CARTS...

BUT THE BRIDGE WAS NOT AS SAFE AS THE
SHERPA THOUGHT ...

I'M GLAD YOU
REASSURED US,
CHARLIE! THAT'S A HECK
OF A DROP INTO
THE GORGE!

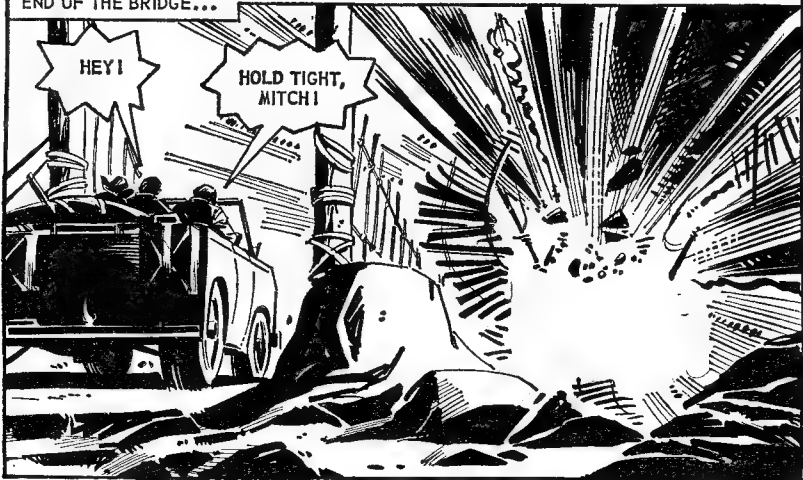
IT WOULDN'T
TAKE MUCH DYNAMITE
TO BLOW THE BRIDGE, IF THE
YANKS HAD WANTED TO
BE UNFRIENDLY.



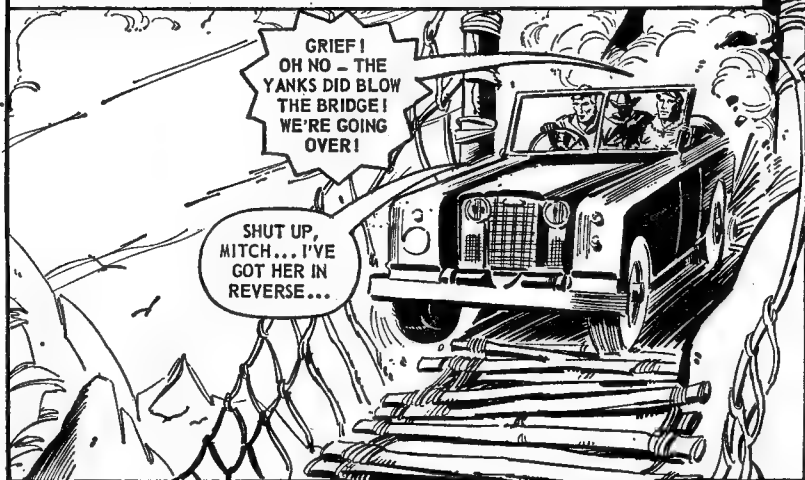
AS THE FRONT WHEELS OF MAJOR TEMPLE'S LAND ROVER ROLLED SLOWLY ON TO THE
TRESTLES, THE FUSE BURNT DOWN TO THE BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE STICKS AT THE OTHER
END OF THE BRIDGE...

HEY!

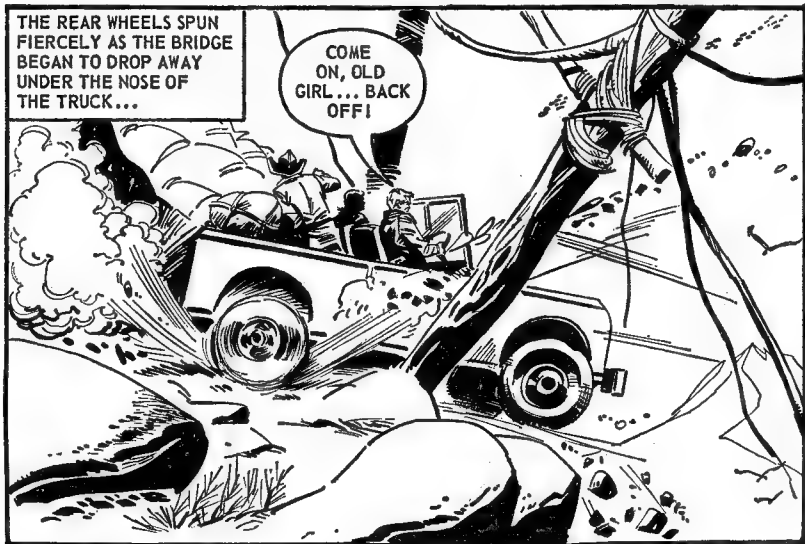
HOLD TIGHT,
MITCH!



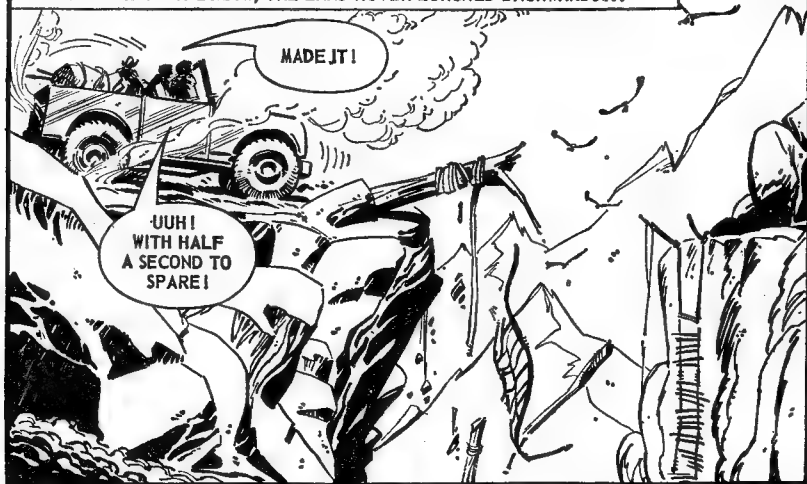
THE VIGIOUS EXPLOSION BLEW AWAY THE FAR END OF THE BRIDGE. BUT THE NEAR END, UNDER THE FRONT WHEELS OF THE LAND ROVER, ONLY SAGGED...



THE REAR WHEELS SPUN FIERCELY AS THE BRIDGE BEGAN TO DROP AWAY UNDER THE NOSE OF THE TRUCK...



IN THE MOMENT BEFORE THE SHATTERED BRIDGE DROPPED INTO THE GORGE TWO HUNDRED FEET BELOW, THE LAND ROVER LURCHED BACKWARDS...



MADE IT!

UHH!
WITH HALF
A SECOND TO
SPARE!

MAJOR TEMPLE'S VOICE WAS UNMOVED BY THE INCIDENT.

CHARLIE...
THERE MUST BE
ANOTHER ROUTE
TO THE VALLEY.
BY-PASSING THE
GORGE...

FOR PETE'S
SAKE, MAJOR,
YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO LET THOSE
YANKS GET AWAY
WITH IT, ARE YOU?
THEY TRIED TO
MURDER US!



THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE UNIT WERE SHAKEN AND ANGRY, TOO.

HE'S RIGHT, MAJOR! THEY MUST HAVE
LANDED AHEAD OF US IN THE CHOPPER
AND PLANTED A CHARGE OF DYNAMITE
ON THE BRIDGE... TIMED TO EXPLODE
JUST AS WE WERE CROSSING IT...

YOU
TALK TOO MUCH,
GAS...



THE MAJOR RAMMED THE LAND ROVER INTO GEAR...

WE'LL DEAL WITH THOSE MURDEROUS ROUGH-NECKS LATER... AND I MEAN DEAL WITH THEM! RIGHT NOW WE HAVE TO FIND A NEW WAY INTO THE VALLEY, BEFORE NIGHTFALL.

IS ONLY ONE WAY, MISTER...
BAD WAY...



AN HOUR LATER, UNWILLINGLY GUIDED BY THE SHERPA, THE UNIT HAD ANGLED AROUND THE GORGE AND WERE APPROACHING THE VALLEY FROM THE NORTH-EAST...

WE'LL BE OVER THE PASS IN TEN MINUTES, CHARLIE. WHAT'S BAD ABOUT THIS ROUTE?

WILL SOON BE DARK...
BEAST WALKS IN DARKNESS...
BEAST WALKS THIS WAY...



AT THAT POINT, AS DUSK SHROUDED THE SLOWLY-MOVING TRUCKS IN THE HIGH MOUNTAINS, THE SHERPA MADE A BREAK FOR IT...

I GO NO FARTHER!

STOP HIM, MITCH!
WE COULD HIT ALL SORTS
OF TROUBLE ON THE LAST
LEG, WITHOUT A GUIDE...

MITCH AND SLUG LEAPED FROM THE TRUCKS AND SPURTED AFTER THE TERRIFIED MAN...

COME
BACK, YOU WINDY
BEGGAR!

THESE SHERPAS ARE
TOUGH LITTLE CHARACTERS.
IT MUST BE SOME-
THING PRETTY WEIRD TO
SHAKE THEIR NERVES.

SUDDENLY THE SHERPA STOPPED DEAD, EYES DILATED, LUNGS PUMPING AN ANIMAL CRY OF FEAR OUT OF HIS SLACKENED MOUTH...

AAAAAAAHH!

NOW WHAT?



THE PRINT WAS HALF-FILLED WITH WIND-BLOWN SNOW. IT HAD BEEN MADE SOME TIME BEFORE... PERHAPS DURING THE PREVIOUS NIGHT...

STONE THE CROWS!

WHAT SORT OF A - THING - MADE THAT TERRIFIC FOOTPRINT?



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PASS, THE FOOT WHICH HAD MADE THE GIGANTIC PRINT WAS STAMPING FRESH TRACKS IN THE SNOW...



MAJOR TEMPLE AND HIS MEN STOOD WITH MOUTHS AGAPE, STUNNED BY WHAT THEY SAW...



A LOOMING SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE PALLID SKY, HUGE AND GROTESQUE, THE WEIRD CREATURE LUMBERED OVER THE RIDGE AND ADVANCED ON THE FIVE PETRIFIED MEN...





CRADLED IN THE STEADY HANDS OF THE EX-SOLDIER, THE HEAVY RIFLE SENT A BULLET CLEAN BETWEEN THE BULGING EYES OF THE GROTESQUE BEAST...



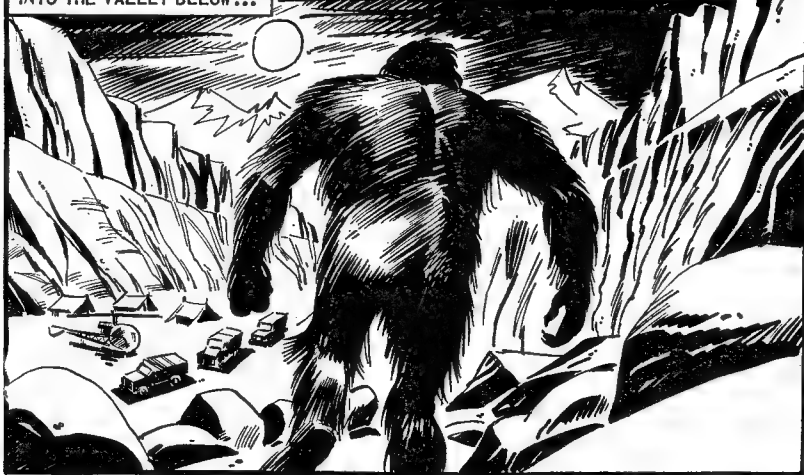
BUT...



THE WEIRD MONSTER LURCHED OUT OF SIGHT UNDER A ROCK-CRAG FIFTY YARDS AWAY...



WHILE THE BRITISH TEAM PITCHED THEIR TENTS AMONG THE HIGH ROCKS AND SETTLED UNEASILY INTO THEIR SLEEPING BAGS, THE MYSTERIOUS BEAST WAS LUMBERING DOWN INTO THE VALLEY BELOW...



THERE WAS ANOTHER CAMP IN THE VALLEY, A HANDFUL OF TENTS, THREE TRUCKS, AND A HELICOPTER.



IT WAS THE CAMP OF THE AMERICAN SURVEY TEAM, LED BY RIG RICKENBACKER, WHICH THE GROTESQUE BEAST WAS BLUNDERING THROUGH IN THE GREY MOONLIGHT.



AS RIG RICKENBACKER TORE HIMSELF OUT OF HIS COLLAPSED TENT, THE MONSTROUS SHADOW OF THE BEAST WAS ALREADY MELTING INTO THE DARKNESS...



THE AMERICANS NEVER SAW WHAT HAD HIT THEM... AND MADE THE OBVIOUS MISTAKE.

THEY'VE GONE,
THE LOUSY RATS...
BUT WE KNOW
WHO THEY WERE,
DON'T WE?

YEAH,
THAT LIMY
SURVEY TEAM!
THEY'VE WRECKED
OUR CAMP!



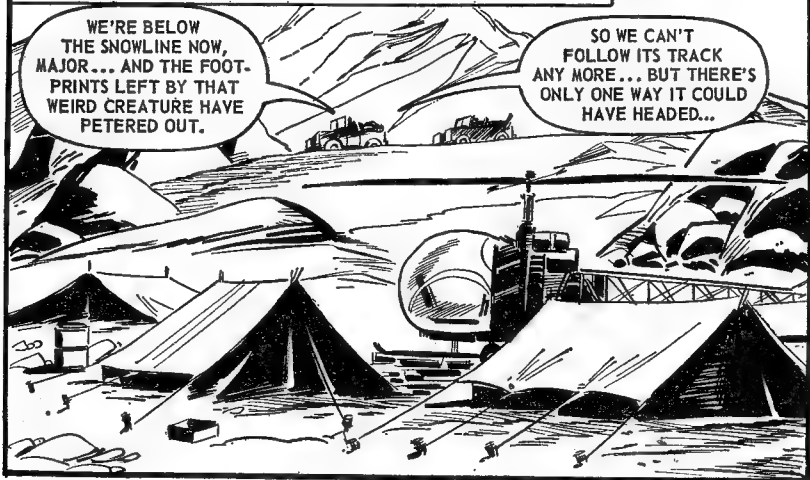
OKAY, FELLERS, SO THAT'S TWICE THE
ENGLISHMEN HAVE RUBBED OUR NOSES IN
THE DIRT. NOBODY CROSSES RIG
RICKENBACKER AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!
WHEN THEY COME BACK... WE'LL
BE READY FOR THEM!



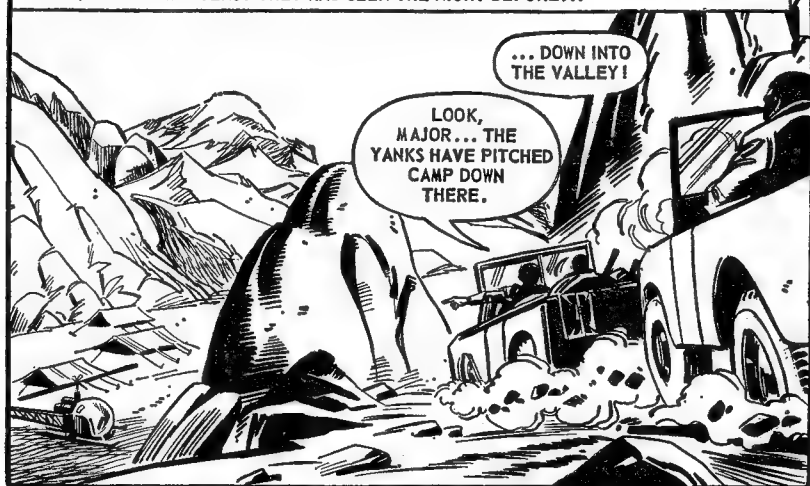
AN HOUR AFTER DAWN, THE WHINE OF AUTO-ENGINES IN HIGH
GEAR ECHOED OVER THE VALLEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN ABOVE...

WE'RE BELOW
THE SNOWLINE NOW,
MAJOR... AND THE FOOT-
PRINTS LEFT BY THAT
WEIRD CREATURE HAVE
PETERED OUT.

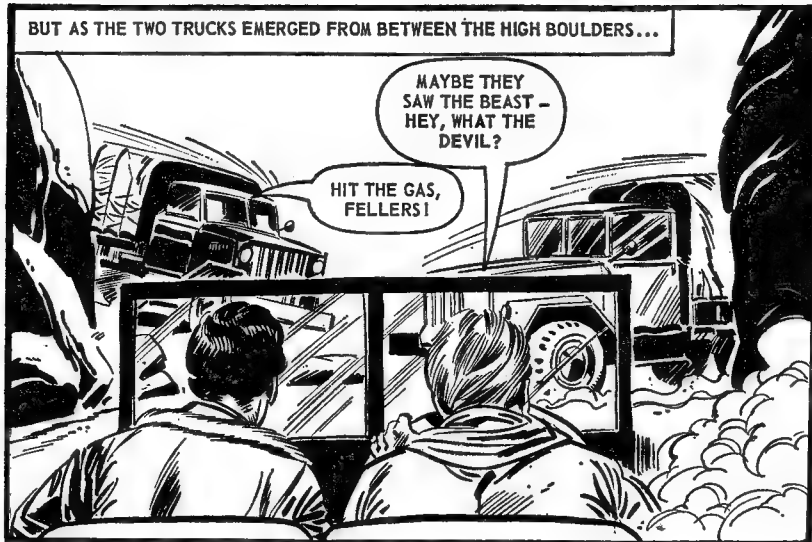
SO WE CAN'T
FOLLOW ITS TRACK
ANY MORE... BUT THERE'S
ONLY ONE WAY IT COULD
HAVE HEADED...



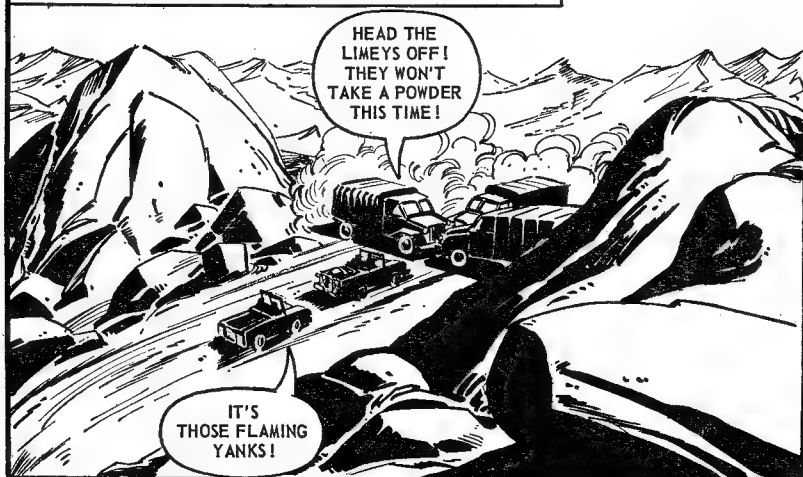
LED BY MAJOR TEMPLE, THE BRITISH SURVEY TEAM HAD BEEN TRACKING THE FOOTPRINTS LEFT BY THE WEIRD BEAST THEY HAD SEEN THE NIGHT BEFORE...



BUT AS THE TWO TRUCKS EMERGED FROM BETWEEN THE HIGH BOULDERS...



THE THREE AMERICAN TRUCKS ROARED OUT FROM AMBUSH ON EITHER SIDE OF THE TRACK, BLOCKING THE WAY...



THERE HAD BEEN HOSTILITY BETWEEN THE TWO TEAMS FROM THE START... THE NATURAL RIVALRY BETWEEN MEN OF DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES IN DIRECT BUSINESS COMPETITION.



NOW THERE WAS HATRED BETWEEN MAJOR TEMPLE'S MEN AND RIG RICKENBACKER'S, HATRED WHICH ONLY A BLOOD-LETTING WOULD SATISFY...



TWO TOUGH GROUPS OF IRON-FISTED MEN WADED INTO EACH OTHER, WITH NO HOLDS BARRED...



BUT BETWEEN SWAPPING PUNCHES, MAJOR TEMPLE HAD HEARD THE ANGRY WORDS HURLED BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS BY THE MEN.



RIG AND THE MAJOR BROKE AWAY FROM EACH OTHER...

HEY,
BOYS, BREAK
IT UP!

DARN IT,
I WAS JUST
GETTING MY
EYE IN!

THAT
GOES FOR
YOU TOO,
MEN!



THE BURLY AMERICAN BROUGHT OUT HIS GRIEVANCE, STUBBORN-JAWED...

NOW,
RICKENBACKER,
LET'S HAVE IT!
WHAT'S EATING
YOU?

YOU KNOW DARN WELL,
MAJOR! MAYBE HEISTING A
GUIDE IS FAIR GAME BETWEEN
RIVAL OUTFITS... BUT
WRECKING ANOTHER TEAM'S
CAMP IS PLAIN DIRTY!



WHILE THE REST OF THE MEN WERE LISTENING TO THEIR LEADERS, THE RECKLESS TED MITCHELL SLIPPED THE WINK TO HIS PAL SLUG...

WHAT THE DEVIL
ARE YOU WAFFLING ABOUT,
RICKENBACKER? WE HAVEN'T
WRECKED ANYONE'S CAMP!

HSSST...
SLUG...



UNSEEN, MITCH AND SLUG GOT BUSY ON THE AMERICAN TRUCKS...



IT WAS THE AMERICAN'S TURN TO STARE BLANKLY AT MAJOR TEMPLE...



MITCH AND SLUG QUIETLY CARRIED THE CRATES FROM THE AMERICAN TRUCKS TOWARDS THEIR OWN JEEP...

NOW COOL OFF, BUD! WE NEVER PLANTED ANY DYNAMITE ON A BRIDGE!

WELL, WE'VE GOT NO PROOF... BUT IF IT WASN'T YOU WHO TRIED TO KILL US, THEN WHO THE HECK WAS IT?



AS RIG RICKENBACKER KNOTTED HIS FISTS WITH RENEWED ANGER, MITCH SPRANG HIS SURPRISE...

YOU'RE FLYIN' A KITE, LIMEY, BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! WE'RE GONNA GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR WRECKING OUR CAMP...

HEY, MAJOR! THE YANKS WON'T BE BLASTING ANY MORE BRIDGES... WE'VE HALF-INCHED THEIR DYNAMITE!



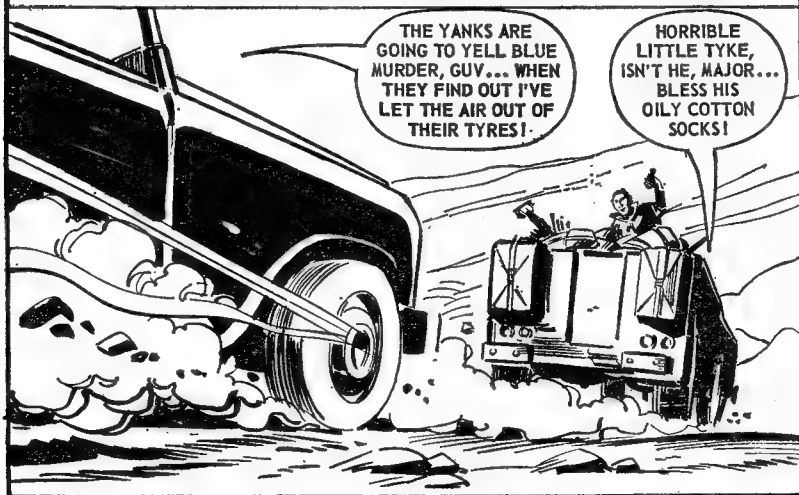
THE MAJOR WAS NEVER SLOW TO SEIZE AN ADVANTAGE OVER AN ENEMY...



THE AMERICANS HURLED THEMSELVES INTO THEIR TRUCKS AS THE
BRITISH JEEPS SCREAMED AWAY UP THE MOUNTAIN TRACK...



BUT WITH HIS USUAL LOW CUNNING, SLUG HAD FORESEEN THE AMERICAN'S REACTION...



THE TOUGH TEXAN WAS MAD NOW, FIGHTING MAD. AND IN THAT MOOD, THERE WAS NO MORE DANGEROUS MAN IN THE WORLD THAN RIG RICKENBACKER...



MAJOR TEMPLE LED HIS TEAM ON A HIGH-SPEED DASH UP THE MOUNTAINSIDE, FLOGGING THE PATCHED-UP ENGINES OF HIS TWO OLD WAGONS...



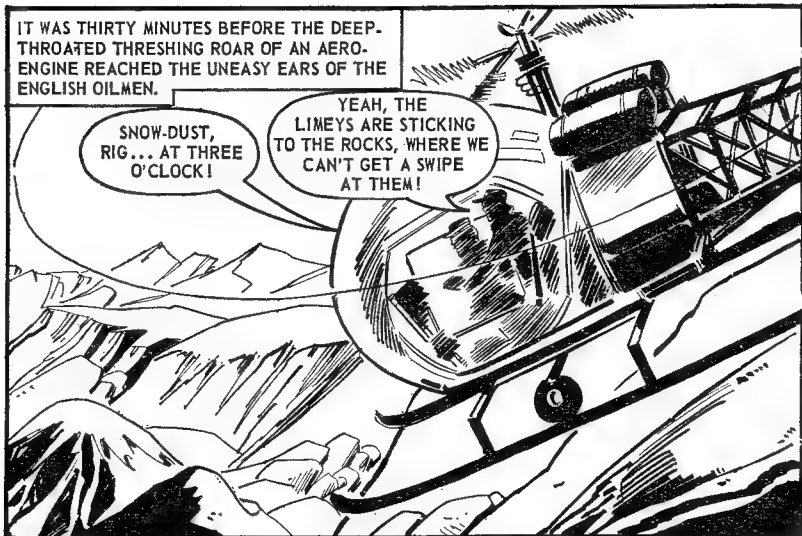
THE MAJOR KNEW THE SCORE...



IT WAS THIRTY MINUTES BEFORE THE DEEP-THROATED THRESHING ROAR OF AN AERO-ENGINE REACHED THE UNEASY EARS OF THE ENGLISH OILMEN.

SNOW-DUST,
RIG... AT THREE
O'CLOCK!

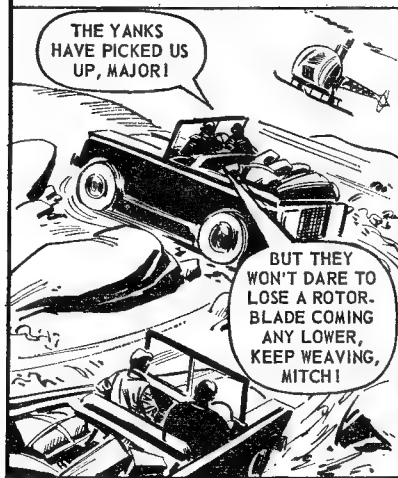
YEAH, THE
LIMEYS ARE STICKING
TO THE ROCKS, WHERE WE
CAN'T GET A SWIPE
AT THEM!



THE MAJOR USED EVERY TRICK HE KNEW TO DISCOURAGE THE AMERICAN PURSUERS...

THE YANKS
HAVE PICKED US
UP, MAJOR!

BUT THEY
WON'T DARE TO
LOSE A ROTOR-
BLADE COMING
ANY LOWER,
KEEP WEAVING,
MITCH!



BUT RIG RICKENBACKER KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING, TOO...

KEEP TO
THE EAST OF
THEM, HACKIE... AND
HEAD THEM OVER
TOWARDS THE
WEST.

I'M READING
YOU, RIG! IF
WE CAN CORNER THEM
ON THAT OPEN TRACK
WHICH SKIRTS THE
PRECIPICE -
POW!



THE MAJOR'S VIEW WAS RESTRICTED BY THE ROCKS HE WAS WEAVING BETWEEN. HE SAW THE DANGER TOO LATE...

DONE IT,
RIG!

OH
NO! THEY'VE
OUTSMARTED
US!

YOU MEAN -
WE'RE TRAPPED,
MAJOR?

A THUNDERSTORM HAD BEEN BREWING IN THE HIGH MOUNTAINS, AND NOW THE FIRST HEAVY DROPS OF RAIN BEGAN TO FALL FROM A LOWERING SKY.

SEE FOR YOURSELF!
WE'VE GOT A BLANK ROCK-
WALL ON ONE SIDE... AND AN OPEN
PRECIPICE ON THE OTHER... AND
WE CAN'T TURN BACK...

NOW, LIMEYS...
LET'S SEE YOU WRIGGLE OUT
OF THIS ONE!

RIG RICKENBACKER HAD HIS OPPONENTS
AGAINST THE ROPES... AND HE WAS
NOT THE MAN TO SHOW MERCY...

BOUNCE
THE SUCKERS,
HACKIE!

HUUH!

THE JEEP SKIDDED AS
THE HELICOPTER
THRESHED DOWN AGAIN.
TWO WHEELS FLIRTED
WITH THE EDGE OF
THE PRECIPICE...

HOLD IT,
OLD GIRL -
HOLD IT!

MAJOR TEMPLE STARED AHEAD, GRIM-EYED...

UNLESS WE
CAN GET OFF THIS
TRACK IN THE NEXT
MILE AND FIND
COVER - I DON'T GIVE
US MUCH CHANCE
OF SURVIVAL.

AND THEN...

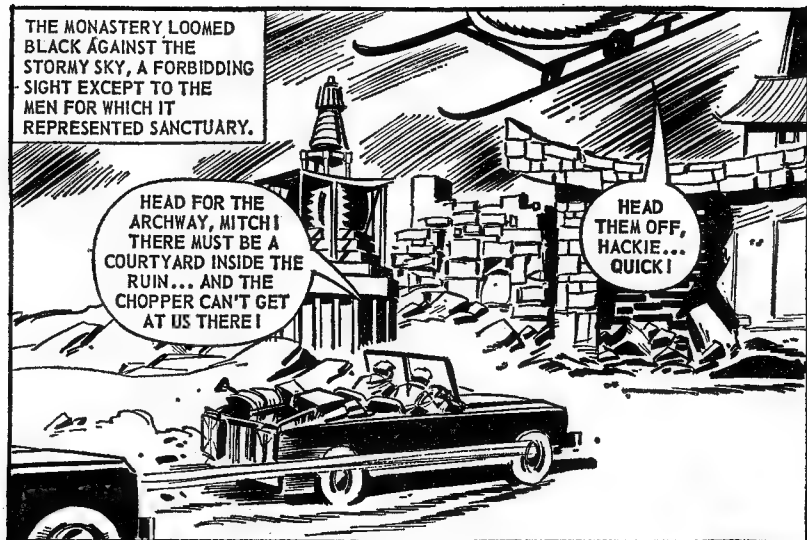
LOOK,
MAJOR... A RUINED
BUILDING!

IT MUST BE
A DERELICT MONASTERY!
WHAT A TURN-UP FOR
THE BOOK!

THE MONASTERY LOOMED BLACK AGAINST THE STORMY SKY, A FORBIDDING SIGHT EXCEPT TO THE MEN FOR WHICH IT REPRESENTED SANCTUARY.

HEAD FOR THE ARCHWAY, MITCH! THERE MUST BE A COURTYARD INSIDE THE RUIN... AND THE CHOPPER CAN'T GET AT US THERE!

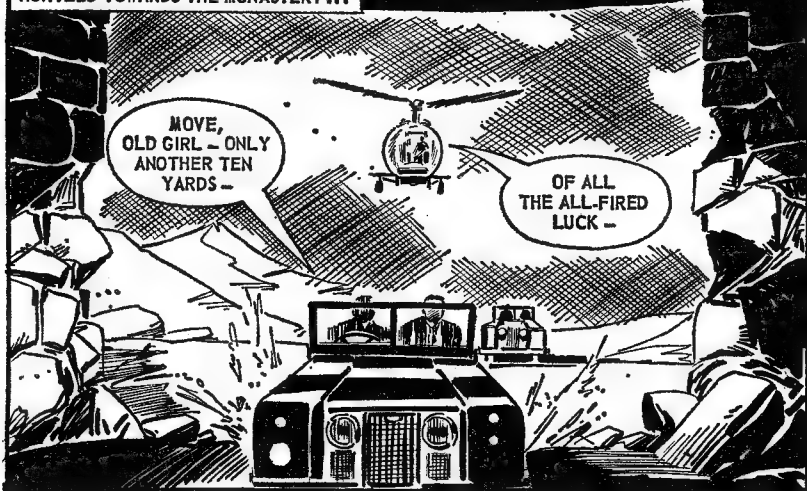
HEAD THEM OFF, HACKIE... QUICK!

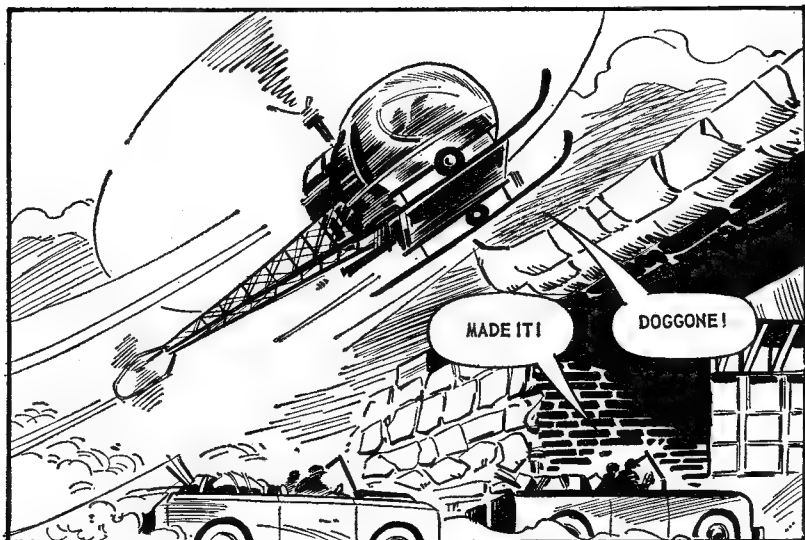


THE HELICOPTER MADE ONE LAST VENGEFUL ATTACK AS THE BRITISH VEHICLES HURTTLED TOWARDS THE MONASTERY...

MOVE, OLD GIRL - ONLY ANOTHER TEN YARDS -

OF ALL THE ALL-FIRED LUCK -





THE TEXAN LOOKED DOWN FROM THE HELICOPTER'S BLISTER AT THE BLEAK PILE OF THE MONASTERY BELOW...

SO THE RATS HAVE FOUND A BOLT-HOLE! WELL, LET 'EM CLEW UP IN THERE... RIG RICKENBACKER HASN'T FINISHED WITH THEM YET!

I'M NOT COMPLAINING, CHAPS! I'D RATHER BE ALIVE IN A HAUNTED MONASTERY... THAN DEAD AT THE BOTTOM OF A PRECIPICE!

WINDOWS LIKE LIDLESS EYES STARED BLANKLY DOWN AT THE TWO BATTERED VEHICLES AS THEY CRUISED INTO THE INNER COURTYARD OF THE RUINED BUILDING...

PHEW... KIND OF SPOOKY, ISN'T IT?

MUST BE YEARS SINCE THE MONKS WERE HERE!

MAJOR TEMPLE HEARD THE UNEASINESS IN THE VOICES OF HIS MEN, AND LASHED THEM WITH HIS OWN CURT TONGUE.

STOP YAPPING,
ALL OF YOU! WE'VE
GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE ON OUR
HANDS WITHOUT DREAMING
OF GHOSTS!

SO WHAT'S
THE DRILL NOW,
MAJOR?

WE'RE STAYING PUT TILL THIS STORM
BLOWS OVER... AND I MEAN THE RAIN-
STORM. BUT THE YANKS ARE CERTAIN
TO BE BACK, PROBABLY WITH THEIR
TRUCKS AND SOME GUNS. SO
WE'LL HAVE TO POST GUARDS...

FOR THE REST OF THE DAY, THE MAJOR
TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF HAVING A MAN
ON GUARD AT ALL TIMES...

IT WOULD
HAVE TO BE ME
WHO GOT THE MIDNIGHT
WATCH! THIS OLD PLACE
GIVES ME THE
CREEPS!

TED MITCHELL WAS ON DUTY THAT NIGHT IN THE INNER COURTYARD, EYES GLUED TO THE MOONLIT ARCHWAY WHILE THE OTHERS SLEPT BESIDE THE TRUCKS. THEN...



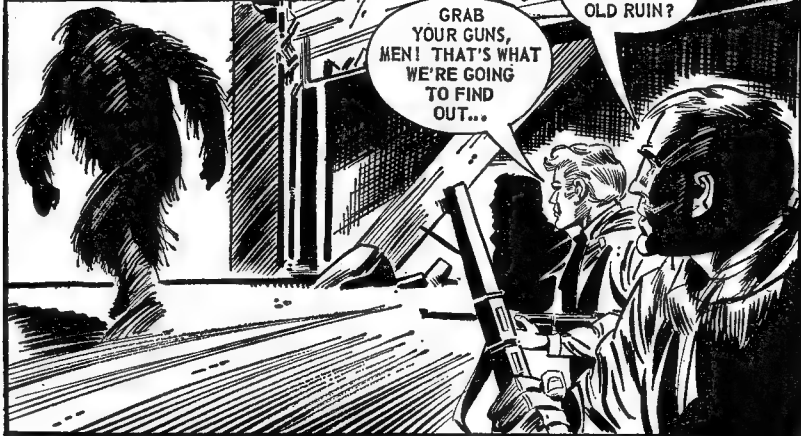
THE HAIRY, GROTESQUE FIGURE, TEN OR TWELVE FEET TALL, CAME SHAMBLING INTO THE YARD...



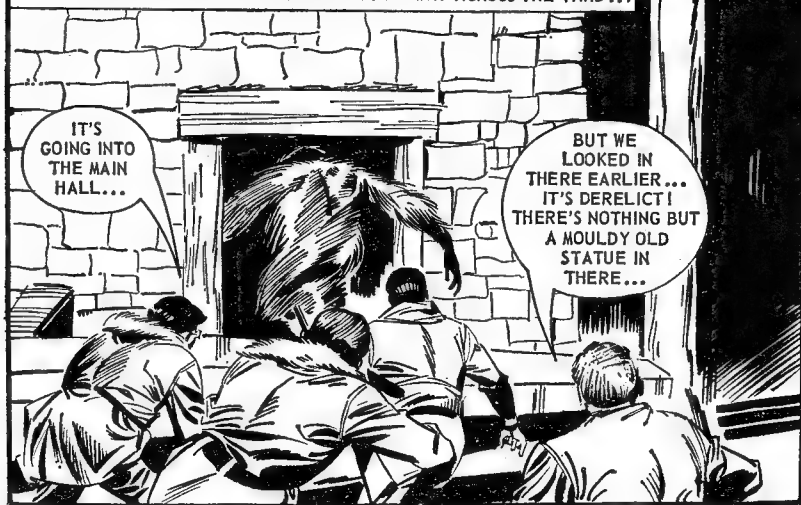
TED MITCHELL WAS NO COWARD, BUT HIS HAND WAS SHAKING WHEN HE ALERTED THE OTHER MEN.



MAJOR TEMPLE HAD SLEPT WITH HIS RIFLE AT HIS SIDE, READY FOR TROUBLE, THOUGH THIS WAS TROUBLE HE HAD NOT EXPECTED...



THE LOOMING SHADOW STOOPED INTO THE DOORWAY ACROSS THE YARD...



THE FOUR MEN CREPT AFTER THE BEAST...

DHURMU!

LISTEN!
THE BEAST
SPOKE...

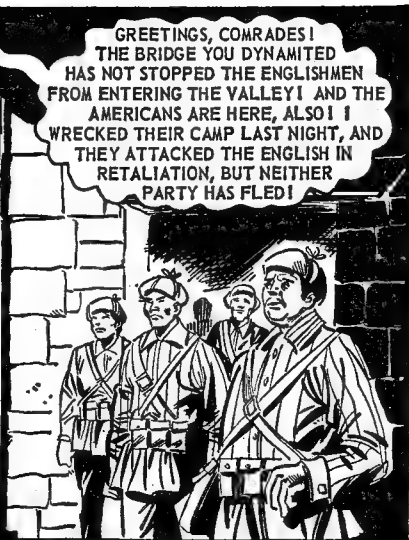
FROM A DOORWAY ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE HALL, AS IF AT THE BIDDING OF THE BEAST, A GROUP OF MEN CAME SHUFFLING IN...

SO MUCH FOR YOUR
MONSTER AND YOUR SPOOK,
MEN! THE THING, WHATEVER
IT IS, CAME TO KEEP
A RENDEZVOUS!

KALPAI



GREETINGS, COMRADES!
THE BRIDGE YOU DYNAMITED
HAS NOT STOPPED THE ENGLISHMEN
FROM ENTERING THE VALLEY! AND THE
AMERICANS ARE HERE, ALSO! I
WRECKED THEIR CAMP LAST NIGHT, AND
THEY ATTACKED THE ENGLISH IN
RETALIATION, BUT NEITHER
PARTY HAS FLED!



A MAN'S ARM EMERGED FROM THE
GROTESQUE BODY OF THE BEAST...

YOU MUST SHOW YOURSELF AGAIN TO THESE
FOREIGNERS! THEY ARE NOT AS EASILY
SCARED AS THE STUPID NATIVES... BUT
THE BEAST WILL FRIGHTEN THEM AWAY!

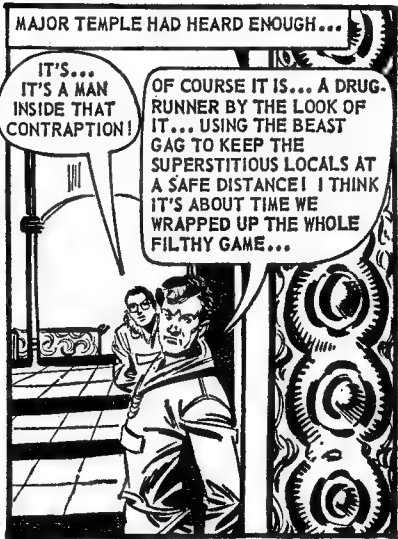


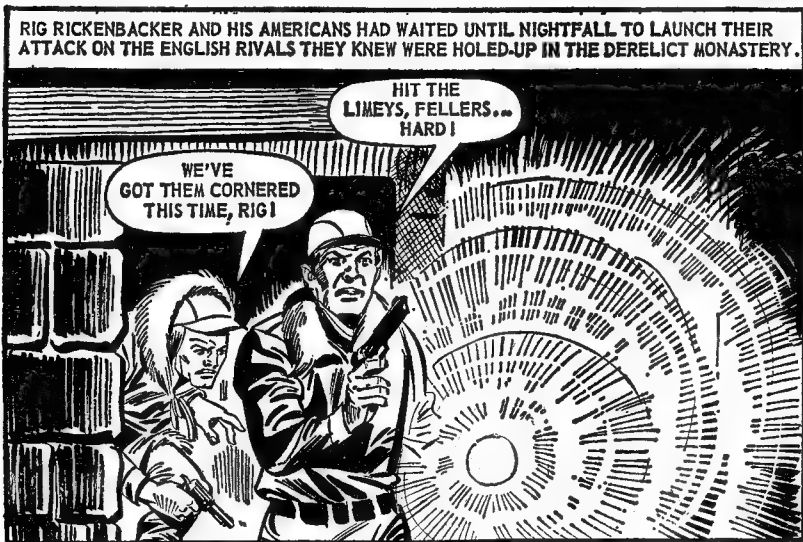
LET US HOPE
YOU ARE RIGHT!
IF THEY FIND OIL IN
THIS VALLEY, OUR SUPPLY
ROUTE ACROSS THE
BORDER WILL BECOME
UNUSABLE...

MAJOR TEMPLE HAD HEARD ENOUGH...

IT'S...
IT'S A MAN
INSIDE THAT
CONTRAPTION!

OF COURSE IT IS... A DRUG-
RUNNER BY THE LOOK OF
IT... USING THE BEAST
GAG TO KEEP THE
SUPERSTITIOUS LOCALS AT
A SAFE DISTANCE! I THINK
IT'S ABOUT TIME WE
WRAPPED UP THE WHOLE
FILTHY GAME...





AS THE TEXAN DROPPED TO THE FLOOR OF THE HALL, MAJOR TEMPLE RAN FORWARD...

HOLD IT, RICKENBACKER, YOU FOOL! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BLUNDERED INTO!

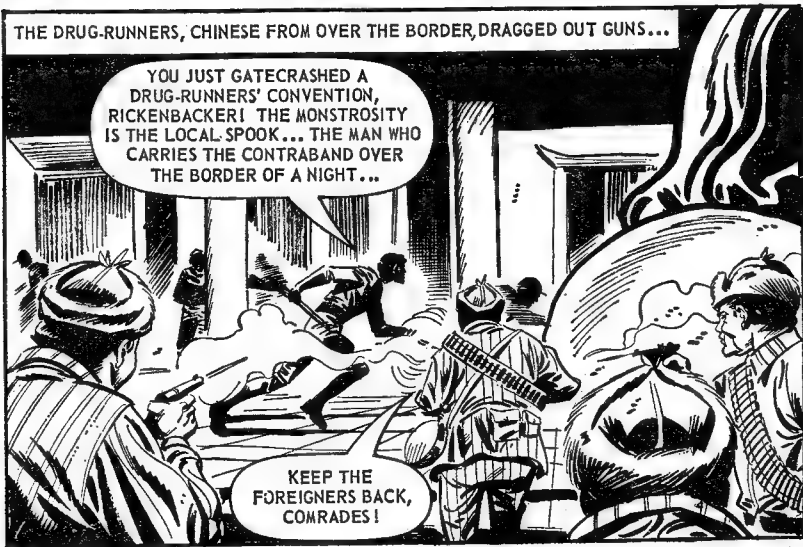
HUH? WHAT THE BLUE BLAZES IS THAT MONSTROSITY OVER THERE?



THE DRUG-RUNNERS, CHINESE FROM OVER THE BORDER, DRAGGED OUT GUNS...

YOU JUST GATECRASHED A DRUG-RUNNERS' CONVENTION, RICKENBACKER! THE MONSTROSITY IS THE LOCAL SPOOK... THE MAN WHO CARRIES THE CONTRABAND OVER THE BORDER OF A NIGHT...

KEEP THE FOREIGNERS BACK, COMRADES!



THESE TWO MEN WERE ENEMIES... BUT NOW THEY WERE BOTH THE TARGET FOR THE SAME BULLETS.

I'LL BE DARNED, MAJOR! YOU'RE NOT KIDDING...

WELL, DO WE CONTINUE OUR PRIVATE WAR... OR GET TOGETHER AND ROUND UP THOSE VILLAINS?



RIG RICKENBACKER SEALED THE ARMED TRUCE IN WORDS AS HARSH AS HIS NATURE... AND MAJOR TEMPLE IN ONE WORD AS COOL AND DRY AS HIS.

WHAT DO YOU THINK, MAJOR? ONE OF MY FELLERS GOT HOOKED ON POT WAY BACK... AND I HATE THE RATS WHO PEDDLE IT WORSE THAN I HATE LIMEYS!

THANKS!



SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, THE ENGLISHMEN AND THE AMERICANS STORMED THROUGH THE DERELICT MONASTERY AFTER THE DRUG-RUNNERS.



BUT SINCE THAT MOMENT IN THE DOORWAY TO THE SECOND HALL, MAJOR TEMPLE HAD BEEN MISSING...

WATCH OUT, YANK... THAT DOORWAY LEADS TO AN OUTER COURTYARD... THE RATS WILL GET CLEAN AWAY!



IT WAS THE DRUG-RUNNERS WHO DISCOVERED WHERE THE MAJOR WAS... AS THEY WERE CAUGHT IN A FLANKING FIRE...



THE VETERAN SOLDIER HAD WORKED HIS WAY AROUND TO THE OUTER COURTYARD TO CUT OFF THE DRUG-RUNNERS' ESCAPE.

BACK, YOU
RATS!

DOES
THAT ANSWER
YOUR QUESTION,
YANK?

HECK, I'VE
GOT TO HAND IT
TO YOU, MAJOR... YOU'RE
NO SLOUCH ON
TACTICS!



CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO FIRES, THE DRUG-RUNNERS SURRENDERED...

DO
NOT SHOOT!
WE GIVE
IN!

GUESS WE'D
BETTER TAKE
THESE VERMIN BACK TO
PAKANDU IN THE
TRUCKS...

AND THEN RESTART
OUR PRIVATE WAR, EH,
RICKENBACKER?



OH, BY THE WAY... IT WAS THE DRUG-RUNNERS WHO BLASTED THAT BRIDGE WITH DYNAMITE AND NEARLY WIPED OUT MY UNIT... AND THE CHAP DRESSED UP AS A BEAST WHO WRECKED YOUR CAMP.

DARN IT, THEN WHAT
HAVE WE GOT LEFT TO SCRAP
ABOUT, MAJOR?



AS RIG AND THE MAJOR WALKED INTO THE INNER COURTYARD WHERE THE JEEPS WERE PARKED...

OH, WE'LL FIND SOMETHING, I EXPECT...

HEY, ONE OF THE CRATES OF DYNAMITE IS MISSING... UNLESS YOU YANKS TOOK IT BACK.

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL, LIMEY?

MAJOR TEMPLE'S VOICE WAS CURT... AND WORRIED...

COOL OFF, CHUCK! MAYBE THE DRUG-RUNNERS GRABBED THE DYNAMITE?

BUT WE'VE GOT ALL SIX OF THEM IN THE BAG...

NO, BY HECK, WE HAVEN'T! WE ALL OF US FORGOT - THE BEAST!

THE TEXAN RAN AFTER MAJOR TEMPLE AS HE SPURTED TOWARDS THE ARCHWAY...



THE DISGUISED DRUG-RUNNER WAS THIRTY YARDS AWAY, STANDING AT THE CREST OF THE SNOW RIDGE WITH A STICK OF DYNAMITE IN HIS RAISED HAND...



RIG RICKENBACKER GRABBED THE MAJOR'S RIFLE AND FIRED AT THE BEAST...



BUT THE SHOT
FIRED BY THE
AMERICAN HAD
FOUND ITS MARK.
... AND WAS
ABOUT TO
PRECIPITATE
A DISASTER...



THE CRATE OF DYNAMITE BLEW UP SECONDS LATER WITH A SHATTERING FORCE THAT MADE THE ENTIRE MOUNTAINSIDE TREMBLE AND SHAKE...



AS THE ECHOES OF THE EXPLOSION DIED, A LOW GRUMBLING ROAR FILLED THE AIR... AND MAJOR TEMPLE KNEW WHAT THAT MEANT...



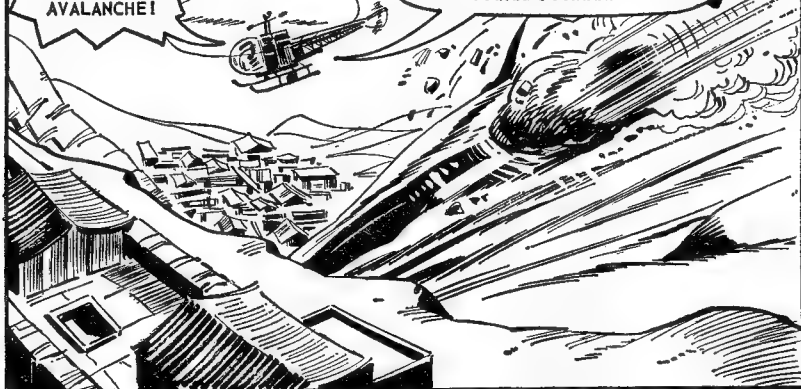
THE AMERICAN UNIT'S HELICOPTER HAD TOUCHED DOWN THREE MINUTES EARLIER IN FRONT OF THE RUINED MONASTERY...



AS THE HELICOPTER WHIRLED THE TWO OILMEN SKYWARDS,
AN AWE-INSPIRING SIGHT MET THEIR EYES...

JEHOSOPHAT!
THE EXPLOSION
STARTED AN
AVALANCHE!

YES, RICKENBACKER...
AND THE SNOW-MASS IS PLUNGING
STRAIGHT DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE
TOWARDS PAKANDU!



THE FEUD BETWEEN THE TWO MEN HAD BEEN FORGOTTEN IN THE TERRIBLE RUSH OF EVENTS.

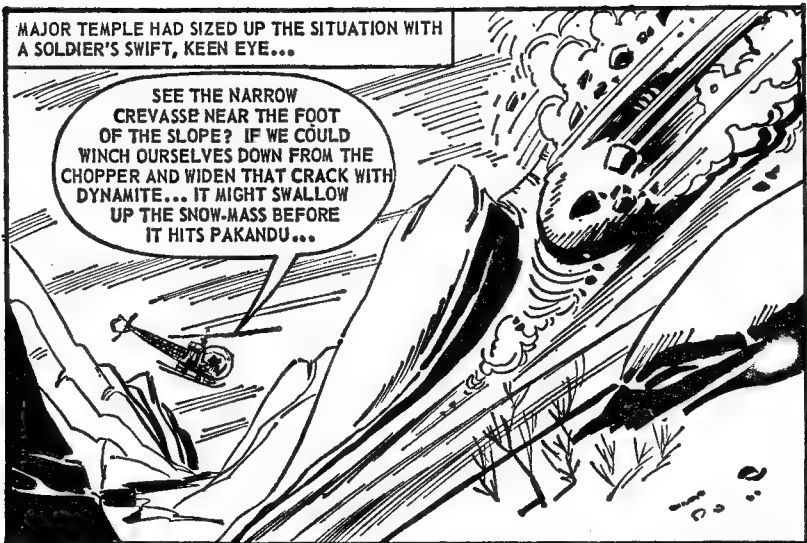
SO CAN'T WE
DO SOMETHING TO
STOP THE TOWN BEING
WIPED OUT?

MAYBE
THERE'S A
WAY... BUT IT'S A
LONG SHOT... AND
A TRICKY
ONE...



MAJOR TEMPLE HAD SIZED UP THE SITUATION WITH
A SOLDIER'S SWIFT, KEEN EYE...

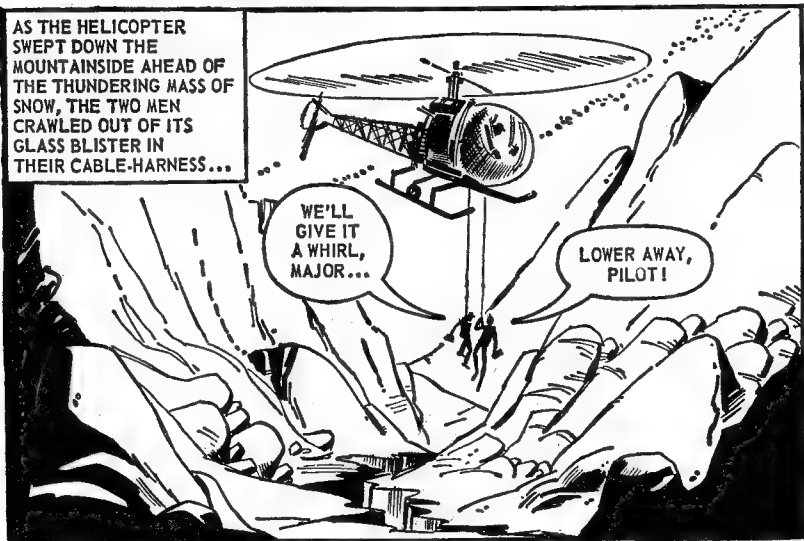
SEE THE NARROW
CREVASSE NEAR THE FOOT
OF THE SLOPE? IF WE COULD
WINCH OURSELVES DOWN FROM THE
CHOPPER AND WIDEN THAT CRACK WITH
DYNAMITE... IT MIGHT SWALLOW
UP THE SNOW-MASS BEFORE
IT HITS PAKANDU...



AS THE HELICOPTER
SWEEPED DOWN THE
MOUNTAINSIDE AHEAD OF
THE THUNDERING MASS OF
SNOW, THE TWO MEN
CRAWLED OUT OF ITS
GLASS BLISTER IN
THEIR CABLE-HARNESSES...

WE'LL
GIVE IT
A WHIRL,
MAJOR...

LOWER AWAY,
PILOT!



THE CABLES PAID OUT WITH A SCREAM, LOWERING THE TWO OILMEN TOWARDS THE NARROW CREVASSE ON THE SLOPE BELOW...

HECK... CAN
THE TWO OF US
STOP THAT
BATTERING-RAM
OF AN
AVALANCHE?

IF WE CAN'T,
RICKENBACKER...
PAKANDU'S
GOING TO BE WIPED
OFF THE MAP!

EACH OF THE MEN HAD A BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE STICKS, LINKED BY A SHORT-FUSE...

READY,
MAJOR?

YES...
FUSE LIT...
DROP YOUR
CHARGE -
NOW!

AS THE DYNAMITE DROPPED INTO THE CREVASSE, FUSES BURNING, THE PILOT IN THE HELICOPTER WINCHED RIG AND THE MAJOR SAVAGELY UPWARDS...

DOGGONE...
WE CUT THAT PRETTY
DARN FINE!

WE'RE NOT IN THE
CLEAR YET... IF THE
DYNAMITE BLOWS BEFORE WE'RE
OUT OF RANGE...

THE RUSHING VANGUARD OF THE AVALANCHE
WAS ALREADY SURGING OVER THE NARROW
CREVASSE WHEN THE DYNAMITE BLEW UP
WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR...

UUUH!





BUT RIG RICKENBACKER AND MAJOR TEMPLE WERE HARD MEN IN A HARD PROFESSION...



THE TWO OIL-SURVEY OUTFITS SCORCHED OUT OF TOWN, TOUGH
RIVALS IN THE ENDLESS STRUGGLE FOR THE FIRST STRIKE...



Published each month by IPC Magazines Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.
Printed by Fleetway Printers, 17 Sumner Street, London, S.E.1. Subscription Rate: £1.14.0 for 24
numbers, 17/- for 12 numbers. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South
Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; Rhodesia, Zambia and Malawi, Kingstons, Ltd. ACTION PICTURE
LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not, without the written consent of
the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade at
more than the recommended selling price shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold,
hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of
Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Tough...Dramatic...
ACTION
PICTURE LIBRARY

ALSO ON SALE NOW

No. 2

**THE DOOM
MACHINE**

A man is murdered in the streets of London and the trail leads across Europe to the mysterious and dangerous world of Count Dorado.



Two Action-Packed Issues Every Month!
MAKE SURE OF YOUR COPIES — ORDER THEM TODAY!

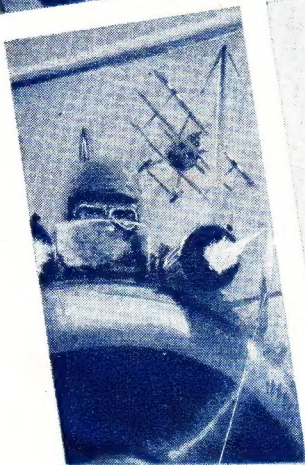
Here's your...

SUPER 5/- **PICTURE SPECIAL**



448 pages

jam-packed with
super picture stories
of war on land,
sea and in the air
the space age
and the rough, tough,
fightin' West
also a sensational
soccer story and
lots of laugh features



Out Now only 5/-

for this giant-size package
of thrills and fun

**HURRY FOR YOUR
COPY TODAY!**